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MAGAZINE



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#137

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STAR WARS

SPECIAL
ISSUE!

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

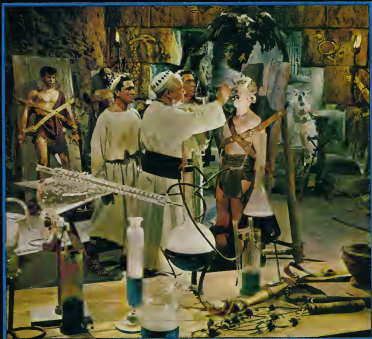
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SEPT. 1977



BEST ISSUE EVER! 1977 YEARBOOK

BEAST WISHES FROM ATLANTIS



George Pal's title, "ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT," was the first Sci-Fi thriller filmed in beastman color!

SPEAKING OF
MONSTERS

IT'S A



SCREAM!

IF YOU CAN tear your eyes away long enough from the Maiden in Distress (the Monster who's inviting her to lunch lives on the new **PLANET OF DINOSAURS**) we would like to tell you a bit about this Exciting Issue.

This is our annual Reprise Edition, our famous **FEARBOOK**, where we turn back the clock and open the Time Vault where the Prize Features from the Past are kept. We've checked thru over 100 issues to bring you Choice Treasures from Collector's Copies. Memorable Moments with Christopher Lee, Lon Chaney Jr., Bela Lugosi, Dino Saur ... and More!

Plus!

New!

Preview of **STAR WARS!**

*FORREST
ACERBARD*



BEWARE OF THE STORMTROOPER!

Whether you're seven, seven-
teen or seventy, don't miss
page 56 of this issue—
featuring the magnificent
new film STAR WARS.



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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD®

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GHIDRAH

thrilling preview & pix
of the shapes of things
to come!

THE THREE HEADED
MONSTER BATTLES GODZILLA
MOTHRA AND RODAN
FOR THE WORLD!

"All New Sights—never to be forgotten."

SEE . . . Ghidrah created from an atomic fire-
ball!

SEE . . . Godzilla rise from the depths of the
ocean, once again to terrorize civilization!

SEE . . . Rodan awakes to monstrous life in vol-

canic fire, to jet-streak again thru the skies!

SEE . . . Mothra the Mighty, the massive cater-
pillar, destroy pillars & posts and everything in
its path!

SEE . . . GHIDRAH and these are some of the
thousand thrills promised by the producers.



The Big 3—Godzilla, Mothra & Rodan—battle the new Monster Menace, Ghidra.



Godzilla goes down in flames as fiery breath of 3-headed horror roasts his scaly hide. Meanwhile, Mothra spins a web around Ghidrah of steel-strong silken strands.

Towering over the already building-tall Godzilla, Ghidrah knocks down building while fighting his adversary.



Giants from Japan

"So-called 'way out' science fiction of 10 or 20 years ago," says veteran monster movie director Ishiro Honda, "have proved to be amazingly accurate in predicting the future. Today they are being examined with new respect."

Special effects expert Ishi Eiji Tsuburaya adds: "Too many space predictions, once laughed at as wild imaginings, have developed from fantastic fiction into amazing fact."

These 2 filmmonster filmmakers have collaborated before on action features dealing with mutants created by the imbalance of nature thru the radioactive results of the explosion of atom & hydrogen bombs. According to them, "Man's experimentation with the inner secrets of the Universe created a breed of monsters such as Godzilla, Rodan & Mothra."

Enlarged beyond belief, these creatures have menaced trembling peoples, cities & whole nations.

Nuclear war weapons leveled at the monstrosities have only multiplied their already awesome powers.

monstrous meteorite

In a brand new thriller, the order of nature is once again upset by the intrusion thru the earth's atmosphere of a brilliant fireball, a huge chunk of cosmic debris from the void of interplanetary space whose super-tough skin saves it from flaming consumption by friction.

Once arrived on earth, the great stone from space gradually cools off and then, like an egg spawned of the sun, it goes thru a period of incubation.

What hatches?

At the moment of birth the metallic shell splits in half and a tremendous ball of fire roars into the sky, becoming Ghidrah—"the monster to end all monsters".

Ghidrah has 3 heads!

It has bat-like wings as big as a ball park! Devastating flames striking with lightning-like bolts spew forth from the tongues of Ghidrah, scorching the earth.

The world is totally unprepared for the shock of such a triple-threat monster, airborne, scare-born, capable of ravaging the planet Earth!

3 against 1

Here is a menace that can spew out 3 times as much destruction at a crack as the earth-born monsters can do singly in a month of Sundays.

The only hope?

For

GODZILLA

RODAN

MOTHA

to stop tearing at each other's battle-scarred throats long enough to put their ugly heads together to drive this foreign intruder out of their territory.

In other words, out of this world!

So screenwriter Sekizawa, expert on the activities of delinquent monsters, has conjured up a screenplay which affords Godzilla & Rodan the opportunities to display their individual specialties of destruction, combining their talents for mayhem & conflagration with those of Mothra.



The giant Ghidrah in flight. The world has never known such a menace. A steel tower is toppled by the monster's mighty wingspan.

humans amidst the horrors

But the entire picture is not about the many monsters; there is also a plot with strange conflicts among people.

Take Royal Princess Saino of Selgina, for instance. Hers is described as "a small country between the two worlds"—which worlds it is not clear, which is one reason we at *MW* will have to see the picture as well as you, if the mystery is ever to be cleared up. The beautiful princess appears before some unbelieving people as a Prophetess, proclaiming herself to be a—Martian!

An enterprising Japanese girl reporter is the only person to befriend this "Martian" maiden until Detective Shindo, the girl reporter's brother, takes the princess into protective police custody in order to guard her against a group of thugs who are determined to kill her. The ruffians are headed by a villainous character named Malness.

Naoko (the girl reporter) takes the prophethood to Mt. Fuji to witness the greatest battle in the world as Ghidrah is confronted by Godzilla, Rodan & Mothra.

destructive climax

Only a "Summit Meeting" of monsters can save the Earth.

So once again those 2 incredibly tiny twins, the Ailenas of the Island Rosilica, send forth their strange chant to rouse Mothra from his lair.

While elsewhere desperate strategists have the devil's own time convincing block-busters Godzilla & Rodan that their individual existences are threatened by this outerspace behemoth, this creature with its triple-threat dragon's heads and devastating techniques of destruction.

Born to destroy everything in their paths, these mighty monsters at last all meet on the famous slopes of Mt. Fuji, the very mountain on which Godzilla & King Kong last fought.

The built-in violence of each contestant automatically builds up to the smash climax as irresistible forces crash against an immovable object.

Once united in a common cause, the trio of monsters whip up (we are told) the most incredible battle scenes yet to be seen on the screen.

The world quakes before the unleashed fury of these havoc-bent brutes, struggling for survival & supremacy.

who wins?

Are Godzilla, Rodan & Mothra wiped out by the super soaring saurian from out of the solar system?

Or does the monster from the depths of space meet its doom at the fangs & fire-breaths of the terrible trio?

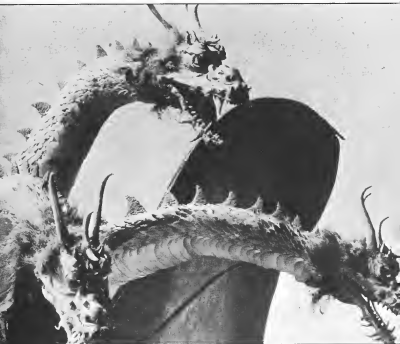
Only a trip to the theater can answer that question.

The smashing of trains, planes & automobiles . . .
And everything else in the paths of the unstoppable monsters . . .

All leading up to the inevitable showdown . . .
The battle of the century!

P.S.

If you recover from the gasps & thrills of this one, have your blood pressure checked and your



Close-up of the Heads of Horror. Is it The End for civilization?

We were unable to get near enough to the contestants (even in asbestos fire-protective suits) to get an interview.

However, it was learned from master special effects creator Tsuburaya that:

During the course of the new thriller he is again responsible for the action which calls for:
The realistic destruction of ships at sea . . .

The crumbling of buildings in the great Oriental metropolis of Yokohama . . .

heart condition.

Then—

Get

Set!

For—

DOGORA THE SPACE MONSTER!

GODZILLA VS. THE GIANT DEVILFISH!

And—

KING KONG VS.—

FRANKENSTEIN!

END

THE HORROR IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

by Edgar Allan Poe
& Robert Bloch

**was it an hallucination from
the depths of his desperate mind or
a she-creature from the fathomless depths
of the haunted midnight sea?**

FOREWORD

Every ghouboy reader of FAMOUS MONSTERS is familiar with the terror tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Black Cat".

"The Tell-Tale Heart".

"The Pit & the Pendulum".

"The Masque of the Red Death".

"A Descent into the Maelstrom".

The list is long—and frightening.

And everyone not in his right mind is acquainted with the works of Robert Bloch. (They should be—he's given them the works often enough.) Bloch, of PSYCHO fame; and Return of Psycho; Motor Psycho; Psycho Strikes Back; Psycho Illogical; Sicko, Son of Psycho; not to overlook CABINET OF CALIGARI, THE

COUCH, STRAIT-JACKET, THE NIGHT WALKER, etc.

This story, originally titled simply "The Lighthouse", was first published in a 1953 issue of Fantastic, a Ziff-Davis magazine to which we are indebted (along with co-author Robert Bloch) for re-publication here.

When Poe died in 1849, he left the story you are about to read unfinished. Robert Bloch could not have completed it at the time as in those days he was only 2 years old. However, a century after the Old Master laid down his pen for the last time, young master Bloch got out of the pen (for the last time—we hope) and completed the story that is about to make you turn on every light in the house—

THE HORROR IN THE LIGHTHOUSE



"The beast burst from his prison and flung himself upon the creature!" (Scene suggested by foto from THE KILLER SHREWS.)

"Her eyes, fishlike & staring, swam closer." (Scene suggested by foto of Belle Donovan in make-up by Geo. Westmore.)



Jan. 1—1796. This day—my first on the lighthouse—I can make this entry in my Diary, agreed on with DeGraet. As regularly as I can keep this journal, I will—but there is no telling what may happen to a man all alone as I am—may get sick or worse . . .

So far well! The cutter had a narrow escape, but why dwell on that, since I am here, all safe! My spirits are beginning to revive already, at the mere thought of being—for once in my life—least—thoroughly alone.

It is strange that I never observed, until the moment, how dreary a sound that word has—"alone"! I could half fancy there was some peculiarity in the echo of these cylindrical walls—but oh, no!—that is all nonsense. I do believe, am going to get nervous about my insulation! That will never do. I have not forgotten DeGraet's prophecy.

Jan. 2. I have passed this day in a state that I find it impossible to describe. My passion for solitude could scarcely have been more thoroughly gratified.

Jan. 3. A dead calm all day. Towards evening the sea looked very much like glass. A few seaweeds came in sight; but besides them absolute nothing all day—not even the slightest speck of cloud . . . Occupied myself in exploring the lighthouse . . .

Jan. 4. I am now prepared to resume work in my book. Already I have carried enough oil, wax & food to the upper levels to last me for an entire month—I need stir from my two rooms only replenish the wicks.

For the rest, I am free! utterly free—for this time is my own, and in this lofty realm I rule! King, I am master of the sun that rises from the sea at dawn, emperor of wind and monarch of the gale, sultan of the waves that sport or roar in roaring torrents about the base of my palace pinnacles. I command the moon in the heavens, and the veering ebb & flow of the tide does homage to my reign.

But enough of fancies—DeGraet warned me to refrain from morbid or from grandiose speculation—now I shall take up in all earnestness the task that lies before me.

Jan. 11. A week has passed since my last entry in this diary, and as I read it over, I can scarcely comprehend that it was I who penned those words.

Alone! I, who breathed the word as if it were some mystic incantation bestowing peace, have come—I realize it now to loathe the very sound. And the ghastliness of meaning I know full well.

The world is 200 miles away; I will not know again for an entire year. And it is true—but more! I cannot put down my thoughts while the grip of this morbid mood.

Jan. 13. Two more days—two more centuries! have passed. Can it be less than two weeks since I was immured in this prison tower? I mount the turret of my dungeon and gaze at the horizon. I am not hemmed in by bars of steel but by columns and pillars and webs of wild and ragged water. The sea has changed; gray skies have wrought a wizardry so that I stand surrounded by a tumult that threatens to become a tempest.

I endlessly pace the narrow, circular confining



"Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it." (Scene suggested by foto from SOULS FOR SALE.)

of my tower of torment.

Wild words, these? And yet I am not alone in my affliction—my dog Neptune feels it too. Perhaps it is but the approach of the storm that agitates him so—for Nature bears closer kinship with the beast.

I have just mounted to the platform and gazed out at the spectacle of gathering storm. The waves are fantastically high; they sweep against the light-house in titanic tumult. I am surrounded by a billowing blackness thundering against me . . .

Back below now, as lightning flickers. I will set down a further statement. I must, if only to prove to myself that reason again prevails. In writing of my venture up to the platform—my viewing of the sea & sky—I omitted to mention the meaning of a single moment. There came upon me, as I gazed down at the black & boiling madness of the waters below, a wild & willful craving to become one with it. But why should I disguise the naked truth?—I felt an insane impulse to hurl myself into the sea!

It has passed now; passed, I pray, forever. I did not yield to this perverse prompting and I am back here in my quarters, writing calmly once again. Yet the fact remains—the hideous urge to

destroy myself came suddenly, and with the force of one of those monstrous waves.

And what—I force myself to realize—was the meaning of my demented desire? It was that I sought escape, escape from loneliness. It was as if by mingling with the sea and the storm I would no longer be alone.

But I defy the elements. I defy the powers of the earth and of the heavens. Alone I am, alone I must be—and come what may, I shall survive! My laughter rises above all your thunder!

So—ye spirits of the storm—blow, howl, rage, hurl your watery weight against my fortress—I am greater than you in all your powers. But wait! Neptune . . . something has happened to the creature—I must attend him.

Jan. 16. The storm is abated. I am back at my desk now, alone—truly alone. I have locked poor Neptune in the store-room below; the unfortunate beast seems driven out of his wits by the forces of the storm.

How shall I describe the horrors of the storm I faced alone?

There is no need to write of the fancies & fantasies which assailed me through those unhallowed



"I am now prepared to resume work on my book."
(Scene suggested by a foto from **A BUCKET OF BLOOD.**)

"She was from below, where the drowned dead lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and must drink" (Scene suggested by a foto from **DEMENTIA 13.**)



hours. At times I felt that the lighthouse was giving way and that I would be swept into the sea. At times I knew myself to be a victim of a colossal plot—I cursed DeGraet for sending me, knowingly, to my doom. At times (and these were the worst moments of all) I felt the full force of loneliness, crashing down upon me in waves higher than those wrought by water.

But all has passed, and the sea—and myself—are calm again. A peculiar calmness, this; as I gaze out upon the water there are certain phenomena I was not aware of until this very moment.

Before setting down my observations, let me reassure myself that I am, indeed, quite calm; no trace of my former tremors or agitation yet remains. The momentary madness caused by the storm had departed and my brain is free of phantasms—indeed, my senses seem to be sharpened to an unusual extent.

It is almost as though I find myself in possession of an additional sense, an ability to analyze and penetrate beyond former limitations superimposed by Nature.

The water on which I gaze is placid once more. The sky is only lightly leaden in hue. But wait—low on the horizon creeps a sudden flame! It is the sun, the Arctic sun in sullen splendor, emerging momentarily from the pall to redden the ocean. Sun & sky, sea & air about me, turn to blood.

Can it be I who but a moment ago wrote of returned, regained sanity? I, who have just shrieked aloud, "Alone!"—and half-rising from my chair, heard the muffled booming echo through the lonely lighthouse, its sepulchral accent intoning "Alone!" in answer? It may be that I am, despite all resolution, going mad; if so, I pray the end comes soon.

Jan. 18. There will be no end! I have conceived a notion, a theory which my heightened faculties soon will test; I shall embark upon an experiment . . .

Jan. 26. A week has passed here in my solitary prison. Solitary?—perhaps, but not for long. The experiment is proceeding. I must set down what has occurred.

The sound of the echo set me to thinking. One sends out one's voice and it comes back. One sends out one's thoughts and—can it be that there is a response? Sound, as we know, travels in waves & patterns. The emanations of the brain, perhaps, travel similarly. And they are not confined by physical laws of time, space, or duration.

Can one's thoughts produce a reply that materializes, just as one's voice produces an echo? An echo is a product of a certain vacuum. A thought . . . Concentration is the key to my experiment.

Concentration, by its very nature, is a difficult task: I addressed myself to it with no little fear. Strive but to remain seated quietly with a mind "empty" of all thought, and one finds in the space of a very few minutes that the errant body is engaged in all manner of distracting movement—foot tapping, finger twisting, facial grimacing.

This I managed to overcome after a matter of many hours—my first three days were virtually exhausted in an effort to rid myself of nervous agitation and assume the inner & outer tranquility.



"Long-drowned & dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning." (Scene suggested by foto from **TORMENTED**.)

By of the Indian *fakir*. Then came the task of "filling" the empty consciousness—filling it completely with one intense and concentrated effort of will.

What echo could I bring forth from nothingness? What companionship would I seek here in my loneliness? What was the sign or symbol I desired? What symbolized to me the whole absent world of life and light?

DeGraet would laugh me to scorn if he but knew the concept that I chose. Yet I, the cynical, the jaded, searched my soul, plumbed my longing, and found that which I most desired—a simple sign, a token of all the earth removed: a fresh & growing flower, a rose!

Yes, a simple rose is what I have sought—a rose, torn from its living stem, perfumed with the sweet incarnation of life itself. Seated here before the window I have dreamed, I have mused, I have then concentrated with every fiber of my being upon a rose.

My mind was filled with redness—not the redness of the sun upon the sea, or the redness of blood, but the rich & radiant redness of the rose. My soul was suffused with the scent of a rose: as I brought my faculties to bear exclusively on the image, these walls fell away, the walls of my very flesh fell away, and I seemed to merge in the texture, the odor, the color, the actual essence of a rose.

Shall I write of this, the 7th day, when seated at the window as the sun emerged from the sea, I felt the commanding of my consciousness? Shall I write of rising, descending the stairs, opening the iron door at the base of the lighthouse and peering out at the billows that swirled at my very feet? Shall I write of stopping, of grasping, or holding?

Shall I write that I have indeed descended those iron stairs and returned here with my wave-borne trophy—that this very day, from waters 200 miles distant from any shore, I have reached down and plucked a fresh rose?

Jan. 28. It has not withered! I keep it before me constantly in a vase on this table, and it is a priceless ruby plucked from dreams. It is real—as real as the howls of poor Neptune, who senses that something odd is afoot. His frantic barking does not disturb me; nothing disturbs me, for I am master of a power greater than earth or space or time. And I shall use this power, now, to bring me the final boon. Here in my tower I have become quite the philosopher. I realize my need is simply this—Companionship. And now, with the power that is mine to control, I shall have it!

Jan. 30. The storm has returned, but I pay it no heed; nor do I mark the howlings of Neptune, although the beast is now literally dashing himself against the door of the store-room. One might



"My dog Neptune was worked into a frenzy, whining & pawing & wheeling in circles." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

fancy that his efforts are responsible for the shuddering of the very lighthouse itself, but no; it is the fury of the Northern gale. I pay it no heed, as I say, but I fully realize that this storm surpasses in extent and intensity anything I could imagine as witness to its predecessor.

Yet it is unimportant; even though the light above me flickers and threatens to be extinguished by the sheer velocity of wind that seeps through these stout walls; even though the ocean sweeps against the foundations with a force that makes solid stone seem as flimsy as straw; even though the sky is a single black roaring mouth that yawns low upon the horizon to engulf me.

For the past several days I have bent my faculties to my will, concentrating utterly and to the uttermost upon the summoning of a Companion.

This Companion will be—I confess it!—a woman; a woman far surpassing the limitations of common mortality. She is the woman of whom I have always dreamed. DeGraet would scoff that she is but the figment of a dream—but DeGraet did not see the rose.

It was the rose which I set before me when first I composed myself to this new effort of will. I gazed at it intently until vision faded, senses stilled, and I lost myself in the attempt of conjuring up my vision of a Companion.

Hours later, the sound of rising waters from without aroused me. I gazed about, my eyes sought the reassurance of the rose and rested only upon a *foulness*. Where the rose had risen proudly in its vase, red crest rampant upon a living stem, I now perceived only a noxious, utterly detestable strand of ichorous decay. No rose this, but only seaweed; rotted, noisome and putrescent. I flung it away, but for long moments I could not banish a wild presentiment—was it true that I had deceived myself? Was it a weed, and only a weed I plucked from the ocean's breast? Did the force of my thought momentarily invest it with the attributes of a rose? Would anything I called up from the depths—the depths of sea or the depths of consciousness—be truly real?

Once again now I shall lay my pen aside and return to the great task—the task of "creation", if



"Mad or sane, it does not matter. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter & fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

you will—and I shall not fail. The fear (I admit it!) of loneliness is enough to drive me forward to unimaginable brinks. She, and she alone, can save me, shall save me, must save me! I can see her now . . . Somewhere upon these storm-tossed seas she exists, I know it—and wherever she may be, my call will come to her and she will respond. Jan. 31. The command came at midnight. Roused from the depths of the most profound innermost communion by a thunderclap, I rose as though in the grip of somnambulistic compulsion and moved down the spiral stairs.

The lantern I bore trembled in my hand; its light wavered in the wind, and the very iron treads beneath my feet shook with the furious force of the storm. The booming of the waves as they struck the lighthouse walls seemed to place me within the center of a maelstrom of ear-shattering sound, yet over the demoniacal din I could detect the frenzied howls from poor Neptune as I passed the door behind which he was confined. The door shook with the combined force of the wind and of his still desperate efforts to free himself—but I

hastened on my way, descending to the iron door at the base of the lighthouse.

To open it required the use of both hands, and I set the lantern down at one side. To open it, moreover, required the summoning of a resolution I scarcely possessed—for beyond that door was the force & fury of the wildest storm that ever shrieked across these seething seas.

I knew, I thrilled to the certainty that she was without the iron portal.

I unbolted the door. The door swung open—blew open—roared open—and the storm burst upon me; a ravening monster of black-mouthed waves capped with white fangs. The sea & sky surged forward as if to attack, and I stood enveloped in Chaos. A flash of lightning revealed the immensity of utter nightmare.

I saw it not, for the same flash illumined the form of she who I sought.

Hallucination? Vision?

Apparition?

My trembling fingers sought, and found, their answer. Her flesh was real—cold as the icy water



"I can ascribe the alteration in my feelings to naught but some inner alchemy; enough to say that a disturbing change has taken place." (Foto suggesting this scene taken from **TERROR IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.**)

from whence she came, but palpable and permanent. I thought of the storm, of doomed ships and drowning men, of a girl cast upon the waters and struggling towards the succor of the lighthouse beacon. I thought of a thousand explanations, a thousand miracles, a thousand riddles or reasons

beyond rationality. Yet only one thing mattered—my Companion was here, and I had but to step forward and take her in my arms.

No word was spoken, nor could one be heard in all that inferno. No word was needed, for she smiled. Pale lips parted—and I saw the pointed teeth, set in rows like those of a shark. Her eyes fishlike & staring, swam closer. As I recoiled her arms came up to cling, and they were cold as the waters beneath, cold as the storm, cold as death.

In one monstrous moment I *knew*, knew with uttermost certainty, that the power of my will had indeed summoned, the call of my consciousness had been answered. But the answer came not from the living, for nothing lived in this storm. I had sent my will out over the waters, but it will penetrates all dimensions, and my answer had come from *below* the waters. *She* was from below where the drowned dead lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and must drink . . .

I think I shrieked, then, but I heard no sound. Certainly, I did not hear the howls from Neptune as the beast, burst from his prison, bounded down the stairs and flung himself upon the creature.

His furry form bore her back and obscured my vision; in an instant she was falling backward away, into the sea that spawned her. Then, and only then, did I catch a glimpse of the final moment of animation in that which my consciousness had summoned. Lightning seared the sight foreverably upon my soul—the sight of the ultimate blasphemy I had created in my pride. The rose had wilted . . .

The rose had wilted and become seaweed. And now, she was gone and in her place was the bloated swollen body of a thing long-drowned and dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning.

Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it, bore it back into the blackness. Only a moment, and the door was slammed shut. Only a moment, and I raced up the iron stairs, Neptune yammering at my heels. Only a moment, and reached the safety of this sanctuary.

Safety? There is no safety in the universe for me, no safety here—the wrath of the waves increases with every moment, the anger of the sea and its creatures rises to an inevitable crescendo.

Mad or sane, it does not matter, for the end is the same in either case. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter and fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it.

There is time only to gather these notes, strangle them securely in a cylinder and attack it to Neptune's collar. It may be that he can swim, or cling to a fragment of debris. It may be that a ship, passing by this toppling beacon, may stay and search the waters for a sign—and thus find and rescue the gallant beast.

That ship shall not find me. I go with the lighthouse, and go willingly, down to the dark depths. Perhaps I shall join my Companion there forever. Perhaps . . .

The lighthouse is trembling. The beacon flickers above my head and I hear the rush of waters in their final onslaught. There is—yes—a wave, bearing down upon me. It is higher than the tower, blots out the sky itself, everything . . .



"Hallucination, vision, apparition? Pale & trembling, arisen from the depths of the sea." (Scene suggested by foto from THE MASK.)

hey, fella, don't forget your
umbrella when you visit



THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD

on the house

Thirty years ago an unseen horror menaced the frightened occupants of **THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY**.

In 1945, all in the same year, Basil Rathbone portrayed Sherlock Holmes in **HOUSE OF FEAR** and Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine, Lionel Atwill, Onslow Stevens & George Zucco were all mixed up with mad brain transplants, werewolves, vampire's blood, etc., in



The teeth is: Ingrid Pitt is bucking to become editor of Fang Mail. You've got to admit she has the teeth for it: buck teeth. (But who cares what they cast when a vamp like that puts the bite on you?)



This house shrieks for itself! (Universal '45.)

HOUSE OF DRACULA & HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

HOUSE OF HORRORS came next with the late Ronde Hatton as the killer called the Creeper.

Then who can forget the "hot" one, HOUSE OF WAX, in 3D in '53 with Vincent Price in his prime.

In '59 Price was back in the ghost business in William Castle's HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL.

HOUSE OF FRIGHT in 1960 was another of the innumerable remakes of DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, this time with Christopher Lee involved in the classic of Good & Evil.

The HOUSE OF USHER felt like a California earthquake hit it, also in 1960, with Vincent Price going down with the ship, or rather the house.

Three years later a weird group of freaks caused the inhabitants of THE HOUSE OF THE DAMNED to freak out.

Now—hold onto your heads (Peter Cushing loses his during the picture)—a new house has moved into the neighborhood and there's a strange thing about it:

No matter how well-to-do its inhabitants may be, sooner or later (and mainly sooner) they always somehow wind up in the . . . red.

bloch-buster

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD had a midnight Horrorwood premiere that brought out terrorvision cameras as well as the press for cov-

erage of the scar-studded event.

"Queen of Blood" Florence Marly was at the theater with *FM's* editor, who was wearing Bela Lugosi's cloak & ring.

Lugosi's famous co-star in *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, Carroll Borland, was seen in the lobby, posing for pictures with Dr. Donald Reed, creator & leader of the Count Dracula Society.

FM's own photographer of the moon-stars, Walt Daugherty, was on hand (also on foot, claw & tentacle).

Only Robert Bloch, the scripter of the eerie dummies, was absent, as he was at home in bed, feeling as bad as M. Valdemar, with a temperature of 103. (And the 103 were hanging around his house, trying to get their temperature back!)

The packed theater enthusiastically applauded the picture at the end of the showing, and here is why:

What the preview audience saw:

episode #1 method for murder

One week after renting a house in the English countryside, horror film star Paul Henderson (Jon Pertwee) mysteriously disappears. The Detective-Inspector who is called in to investigate (John Bennett) soon discovers that the house has a sinister record of tragic tenancy. We turn back the clock 2 years and see:

Horror story writer Charles Hillyer (Denholm Elliott) and his wife Alice lease the old dark house from an agent named . . . Stoker.

The macabre atmosphere of the house suits the writer just right and he immediately goes to work with a vengeance. Via his flying fingers & smoking keys of the typewriter (the machine eventually dies of cancer from smoking so much) the author creates a new psycho novel about an insane stranger who roams the countryside in search of victims.

Hillyer names the menace Dominick (Tom Adams) and gradually Dominick becomes more & more real to his creator till Hillyer comes to fear that his creation will dominate him altogether.

Fearing that he will be driven out of his mind by the evil murderer he has conjured up, Hillyer is driven to seek the aid of a sympathetic psychiatrist in order to try to save his sanity.

The question in the mind of the audience is:

Is Dominick the horrifying hallucination of a disintegrating mind?

Or—

A monster materialized from the psyche? (like the awful id-monster of *FORBIDDEN PLANET*.)

At the preview, Bob Bloch's clever script took most of the viewers by surprise.

chiller #2

The second story in *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD* is based on "Waxworks" from *Weird Tales* and features ever-popular Peter Cushing in another of his splendid performances, this one particularly hair-raising—or perhaps the proper term is head-losing.



Peter Cushing's eyes almost pop from his head a moment before he gets his own head chapped off in the Waxworks segment of *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*.

Christopher Lee suffers necromancy at the evil hands of his absent daughter, who is in another part of *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*—sticking a pin into a part of his image.





You're being ushered into a house-warming. (You're expected to bring your own worm body!)

Tenant #2 of *The House* is Philip Grayson (Peter Cushing), a retired & retiring man.

One day Mr. Grayson visits a small wax museum in the nearby town and is fascinated by the figure of Salome who bears on her plate, of course, the well-known severed head of John the Baptist.

The face of the wax figure bears a strange resemblance to that of a woman once loved both by Philip and his best friend.

An inexplicable compulsion draws Mr. Grayson back again & again to the museum of the dead, always to stare at Salome.

One day his old friend & rival pays him a visit and he too falls under Salome's spell.

Curious as to whom the model could have been, Philip & Rogers inquire of the proprietor, who explains to them that Salome was modelled after his dead wife, after she had paid the penalty for killing his best friend.

In an effort to break the spell, Rogers cuts short his visit with Philip.

But after his friend has left, Philip is drawn

back inexorably to the museum—and there finds Rogers with Salome.

But Rogers is no longer a customer of the Wax Museum, admiring Salome—he is a part of the tableau! John the Baptist's head is no longer on the platter—it is Rogers'!

Sensing danger, Philip turns to flee but is confronted by the proprietor.

Too late, Philip realizes that it was not Salome but her jealous husband who was the original murderer, and the insane owner of the waxworks adds one more reluctant head to his collection.

Philip's.

enter, christopher lee

After the horror-inducing house has been vacated once more, it is leased by a widower, John Reid (Chris Lee).

With Lee is his 8-year-old daughter, played by Chloe Franks, and a governess.

The governess is increasingly concerned by the ruthless behavior of the father toward his deli-



Firsttime on the scream screen: a cross-eyed vampire!

cately beautiful child. (Lee forbids playmates or even playthings.)

But if Lee is seemingly cruel he has his reasons... and his fears.

When the governess innocently buys the child a doll out of affection, Lee snatches it away and hurls it ungraciously into the fire. He is afraid of his own child, who reminds him too much of his dead wife—a woman who seems to have been evil incarnate.

Lee's action triggers a storm of hatred in his daughter and the force of her dead mother's evil begins to take possession of her. And what better breeding ground than this weird house with its well-stocked library on the supernatural, black magic & witchcraft?

Based on the shudder story "Sweets to the Sweet", the episode has a chilling conclusion when a doll representing her father is thrown by the witch-child into the flames of the fireplace.

the cloak strikes one

The final episode, based on the *Unknown* classic "The Cloak", is black humor at its best as Paul Henderson (Pertwee), star of horror films who has a genuine interest in the supernatural, is dissatisfied with the cape provided him by the Prop Dept. for his new vampire picture and so seeks out a musty old secondhand shop where he finds a cloak more to his liking.

The odd owner of the establishment makes a peculiar remark after the actor has purchased the cape and left. He says to himself: "Now I can die in peace."

Whenever Henderson dons the garment, it has a strange effect on him. While filming a vampire scene with his leading lady Carla Lind (Ingrid Pitt, the new "vamp"), he loses control of his teeth and sinks them too far in her throat.

And is reluctant to finish the scene.

Later, at the stroke of midnight, Henderson suddenly finds himself equipped with fangs... and floating toward the ceiling!

Reading in the newspaper that both the shop & its owner have been destroyed by fire, Henderson realizes that the odd man was more than he seemed on the surface: he was not a simple tradesman but a victim of the curse of... Transylvania! His bloodlust was transferred to the cloak... and thence to Henderson.

When Carla appropriates the cursed cape, there is a terrifying climax that caused Countess Morn herself (Carroll Borland) to let out a whoop in the preview theater as her famous flying scene from *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* was repeated in reverse (floor to balcony).

The Cloak is a real killer—in both senses of the word.

And *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD* is the best from Bloch since he created that immortal character, Jack the Dripper.

THE CALL OF DRACULA

**when CHRISTOPHER LEE
spoke on the terrorphone
to a Lucky FM Fan!**

dream come true

Make a wish!

What was it?

For many FM readers it would be to talk to their favorite horror film star, be it Vincent Price, Peter Cushing or John Carradine.

This dream came true for FM fan BIL Coburn, who got a priceless opportunity to talk over the phone with his favorite, Christopher Lee. BIL is so devoted to the star that he named his son after him: Christopher Lee Coburn.

hello from horrorwood

Your editor, knowing how much BIL admires Mr. Lee, called to Kentucky to say that Chris



Christopher Lee sits in the office of the editor of *FM* and converses long distance with a thrilled fan.

had just flown in from Hong Kong, where he had done a *Fu Manchu* film, and would be at the Ackermansion that evening. Ye Editor suggested that if Bill called back around midnight, he might indeed speak to his idol. Bill did, and the most interesting parts of the conversation are shared with all you *FM* readers:

FJA: Hello, Bill! The next voice you hear will be that of Christopher Lee!

LEE: Mr. Coburn; how are you?

BC: What a delight to hear you, Mr. Lee! I have quite a list of things I'd like to talk to you about.

LEE: I'm ready.

BC: Are you familiar with the work of Robert E. Howard, who wrote the *Conan* books? I think his "Cairn on the Headland" would make a great movie and you would be perfect for the part of Odin. It deals with the end of Viking power in Ireland. (Plus a lot of magic . . . ED.)

LEE: Oh, yes; that was about 900 B.C. I know because my wife is Danish, descended from the Vikings.

BC: Was your height a problem in your early career?

LEE: Oh yes, it was.

BC: I imagine that was because no one cared to have someone in the picture who towered above the leading man.

LEE: That is exactly right.

BC: I have heard all sorts of estimates of your height, anywhere up to six-foot-six.

LEE: No, I am six-foot-four.

terror of the tongues

BC: I have enjoyed your work with accents very much French, German . . . you do them all so well.

LEE: I enjoy doing them. All except American. I have never been able to master the American dialect!

BC: Speaking of accents, I must tell you how much I enjoyed your work in *BEYOND MOMBASA*.

LEE: As a matter of fact, I almost killed myself during that production! We were out in



In the dungeon of Horrorwood's famed Magic Castle, Chris Lee & Ferry shake hands as likeness of Bela Lugosi looks on.



At the Don Post Monster Mask Studios, Mr. Lee talks with *FM* photographer Walt Dougherty while King Kong demonstrates the size of "the one that got away" (referring to a pteronodon, no doubt).

the African jungle and there were no stunt men available, so when it came time to do the fall into the mine, I had to do it myself. After several takes, I was cut to ribbons, rolling over those rough pieces of quartz!

BC: After you were shot, the picture fell apart for me. That's how I feel whenever you're killed in a movie. A few weeks ago I had the chance to see you in *ALIAS JOHN PRESTON*, and I liked it very much. (The film features Lee in some eerie dream sequences . . . **ED.**)

LEE: I was very inexperienced at the time.
BC: I've heard that you would not do another *Frankenstein* or *Mummy* movie. Is that so?

LEE: No, I wouldn't care to do those again, but *Dracula* is quite another matter. He is such an interesting character, don't you think?

BC: Well, of course everyone loves you for *Dracula*. When my wife saw it she fell madly in love with you and it resulted in naming our son Chris after you.

creepy coincidences

BC: I must remark how much you sound like Basil Rathbone over the phone!

LEE: Well, we are both Englishmen.

BC: Are you aware of how much your career resembles that of Boris Karloff at this point?

LEE: Mr. Karloff and I were, in fact, neighbors in London for some time, living on the same block. My daughter was even born on his birthday.

BC: Oh, yes; November 24th.

LEE: No; November 23rd.

BC: That's right. The 24th is Forry's birthday! I have heard that you are going to do a picture with Vincent Price.

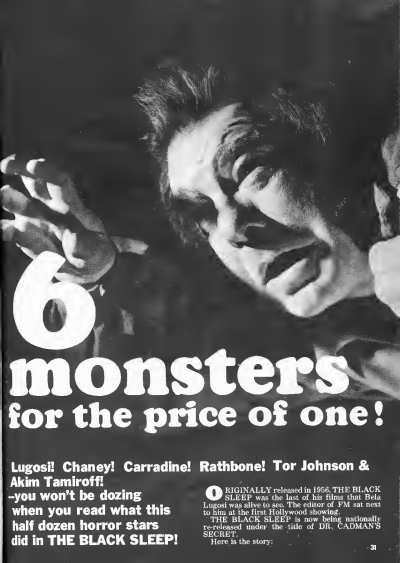
LEE: Yes, there are plans afoot. (The film, which also stars Peter Cushing, played American theaters and was called *SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN* . . . **ED.**)

BC: Tell me: what was the movie you just finished in Hong Kong?

LEE: *THE VENGEANCE OF FU MANCHU*.

BC: Thank you, Mr. Lee! It has been a real pleasure talking with you.
Good night, Mr. Coburn.

And so a dream came true for a FAMOUS MONSTERS reader. So don't give up your love for monsters and the people that portray them. Keep reading FAMOUS MONSTERS and perhaps someday a similar dream will come true for YOU!



6 monsters for the price of one!

Lugosi! Chaney! Carradine! Rathbone! Tor Johnson & Akim Tamiroff!

**-you won't be dozing
when you read what this
half dozen horror stars
did in THE BLACK SLEEP!**

ORIGINALLY released in 1956, **THE BLACK SLEEP** was the last of his films that Bela Lugosi was alive to see. The editor of *PM* sat next to him at the first Hollywood showing.

THE BLACK SLEEP is now being nationally re-released under the title of **DR. CADMAN'S SECRET**.

Here is the story:

death in the tower

In the awe-inspiring Tower of London, in which many an innocent prisoner ate his last meal, Gordon Ramsay (*Herbert Rudley*) sits in grim silence. He, unjustly accused of murder and sentenced to hang for that crime, is visited shortly before the execution time by his former teacher Sir Joel Cadman (*Basil Rathbone*), a physician of noted repute (whether of good or bad remains to be seen). Cadman has recalled Ramsay's great value as a medical assistant, and while he talks to him of the "old days," he secretly slips a quantity of black powder from the tip of his cane into Ramsay's drink. Cadman leaves, smiling somewhat cryptically.

Later, when the time arrives for his execution, Ramsay is discovered stiff & cold on his bunk—apparently dead. The executioner informs the snarling mob outside that now there is no need for a hanging . . .

Ramsay's body is claimed by a strange little Gypsy man called Odo (*Akim Tamiroff*), who is an artist & undertaker. Odo places the corpse in a coffin, taking it to his little shop in Downtown London, where Cadman joins him. Before long, Cadman removes a hypodermic needle from his bag, filling it with another mysterious drug, and he injects it into Ramsay's body. He & Odo grab tightly ahold of Ramsay's cold-as-death arms, soon after which he begins to writhe & struggle violently. Then the struggling ceases, Ramsay—now revived—breathes heavily, and Cadman & Odo step back.

back from the dead

Ramsay's eyes open, but all he sees is shadows & blurred lights. Finally, everything becomes clear, and Ramsay is astounded to find himself in a coffin, with Cadman & Odo standing over him. He rises up, believing that the time for his execution has not arrived, but Cadman calms him by saying the execution was set for a few days before, and that he is now officially dead. After a brief moment, Cadman explains that he gave him a drug called *nidhantera*, or "The Black Sleep," famous in India for its effect of a deathlike sleep, but little known elsewhere. Cadman adds that if the antidote is not given before a certain time, the sleep becomes permanent—in other words, *real* death.

According to all official reports, Ramsay is dead, and in order to avoid suspicion, Cadman has Odo fill Ramsay's coffin with rocks and bury it. Cadman

requests that Ramsay serve as his assistant in some anatomical research at his home, and Ramsay—having nothing pressing at the moment (What do you expect? The guy's dead!)—agrees, altho somewhat reluctantly.

Cadman goes to his foreboding mansion along with his newly-acquired assistant, and they are greeted by the mute but sinister butler Casimir (*Bela Lugosi*). Cadman takes Ramsay into the laboratory to explain the methods & equipment he is to use, but the proceedings are interrupted by a loud scream.

The two rush out into the hall and watch as a large bestial hunchback named Mongo (*Lon Chaney Jr.*) relentlessly pursues a terrified young girl, Laurie (*Patricia Blake*). Mongo tries to strangle Laurie but Cadman struggles to hold him while Ramsay stares on with horror.

Cadman shouts for someone called Daphne and his call is quickly answered. Daphne (*Phyllis Stanley*), an exceedingly dignified Victorian lady, scampers thru the hall. She finds that Mongo, having knocked Cadman & Ramsay aside, is choking Laurie, and she sternly confronts him with a command to stop. Mongo, seeing her, becomes less lethal, and his anger fades to mute remorse. He mumbles in an infantile manner, releasing Laurie, and rubs his face against Daphne's hand. He acts as if he were a naughty child who had been caught with his hand in the raspberry jelly jar. Red-handed, as it were.

Mongo is told to go by Daphne, and he obediently leaves. After the incident, Ramsay reveals to Cadman the reason for his bewilderment: Mongo bears a startling resemblance to a teacher he once had in medical school. Cadman increases Ramsay's confusion, by informing him that Mongo is (or, rather, was) that same teacher, who was stricken by a mental disorder. Every time Mongo sees Laurie, Cadman explains, he goes into a destructive rage, seeking to destroy her.

the truth about Mongo

Cadman departs for bed, and Laurie knocks on the door of Ramsay's room. Ramsay opens the door, and, seeing the girl, recognizes her as the one Mongo had attacked. She comes in and thanks him for trying to help, and she confesses that Mongo is, in truth, her father! Ramsay is puzzled and inquires why, then, he tried to kill her. Laurie reveals that Mongo, when he was normal, never hated her. On the contrary, he cared a great deal for her, even tho her birth resulted in the death of her mother, Mongo's beloved wife. However, Cadman performed a somewhat unusual operation on Mongo, thereby releasing a deep resentment for her. In addition, Daphne reminds him of his late wife.

For one reason or another, Cadman returns to see about Ramsay, and is disturbed to find Laurie talking to him. He realizes that she may reveal a bit too much to Ramsay.

enter Bela

As Laurie continues her story, indirectly condemning Cadman, Casimir (*Bela*) enters, giving Ramsay a bed-warmer, and she immediately becomes as silent as the mute Casimir. After his departure, Laurie warns Ramsay that Casimir may be mute, but his sense of hearing is acute. She

The mentally disordered Mongo (Lon Chaney Jr.) is held at bay by brave women.





The Thin Monster & Fat Monster join forces against the forces of evil in the House of the Black Sleep.

leaves, and he, confused more than ever, feels that the mysteries of Cadman's abode are being compounded at an amazing rate.

The following day, Cadman introduces Ramsay to what is to be done. He brings him into the laboratory, pointing out a large drawing of the brain, a portion of the body whose parts & their functions are practically unknown at this time—the late 19th Century. Cadman tells him that he has endeavored to study & map the brain, seeking to classify each tiny cell. Even today, this has not been complete. Ramsay wonders why he is so zealous in his search, and Cadman says that he wishes to eliminate the diseases of the brain, of the mind, and cure mankind of all misery & infirmity. But presently he reveals the *real* reason—

dr. cadman's secret

Cadman takes Ramsay to a room of the castle in which Daphne is combing the long golden tresses of a beautiful girl who lies on a bed as if in a trance,

her eyes wide open but motionless. She is his wife (*Susanna Gardner*), who was stricken by an unknown ailment 8 months before, shortly after their marriage. Cadman is ruthlessly determined to learn all the brain's secret in order to be able to release her from her zombie-like perpetual coma.

Meanwhile, Odo arrives downstairs, bringing with him a sailor (*Geo. Samways*) who has fallen under the influence of *The Black Sleep*. Odo carries him into the laboratory, placing him upon the operating table.

Cadman, intending to use the sailor as his latest experimental subject, but needing an assistant, forces Ramsay to help him in his mad venture. The two go to the laboratory, where all is ready for the tests, and Cadman explains to him the meaning of the symbols (C1, M5, etc.) he has written on the drawing of the brain. Each symbol represents a part of the brain which has been properly mapped & studied. So far, he has discovered the regions which control sight, speech, hearing, reason, etc.



Everybody wants to get into the act at the end of **THE BLACK SLEEP** as they all wind up doing the Twisted Mind Twist.

man-made zombie

Cadman operates on the sailor, sawing away the side of his skull with a Gigli saw, revealing the brain. The sailor, however, is under the Black Sleep and feels no pain. Cadman then has the nurse Daphne turn the crank that activates the Leyden jar's primitive form of electrical current, flowing thru wires to electric probes. He shows the amazed Ramsay that the brain controls all functions of the body as he touches various regions of the exposed brain with the probes. The mild electric shock activates the motor neurons, and as Cadman touches one area, the sailor opens his eyes; as he touches another, the sailor makes groaning sounds; and as he touches still another, he lifts an arm.

Cadman, finished with the demonstration, repairs the sailor's skull and has Daphne take the man thru a secret passage to a place in the depths of the castle where his recovery is to take place.

new victim needed

Later, Cadman notifies Odo that he must have a female "patient" for his next experiment within the next few days. And Odo, always willing to make a dishonest dollar, returns to his shop with a middle-aged female (*Claire Corlette*). Odo flatters her with praise for her nonexistent charms and finally convinces her to pose for a portrait. She is slightly reluctant but at last consents—with the aid of a glass of whiskey . . . in which is the Black Sleep. Soon she falls into the trance-like state but before Odo can rush her to Cadman there is a knock at the door. Odo hurriedly pushes the bed with the woman into the wall, and everything looks perfectly normal. He answers the door and finds it's the police, who are searching for the woman. They had gotten a report that she was last seen with him and so they want to take Odo to headquarters for questioning. Odo willingly goes with



Looking somewhat like a bald Frankenstein monster, this unconscious victim is about to undergo weird brain operation.

them, contending that he never saw her and knows nothing of her.

the chamber of horrors

That night, as Ramsay sleeps restlessly, he sees a terrifying vision: the sailor, transparent & ghost-like, walks thru the closed door, his face hideously mutilated & deformed, and he pleads:

"Help me, Doctor. For the sake of humanity—help me!"

Ramsay awakens in a sweat but the apparition is gone. Deeply disturbed, he rushes to Laurie's room and wakes her up, telling her of his dream. She feels that it is the proper time to reveal to him a secret, so she leads him thru the secret passageway. Laurie tells him that Cadman possesses a weird sense of humor. Finally, the two reach the bizarre chamber where Cadman's former "patients" are kept.

Almost immediately Ramsay & Laurie are confronted by a shaggy, bearded, staff-bearing character (*John Carradine*) in a long tattered robe. He inquires as to how the Crusades are progressing, and Ramsay tells him that history says the Crusades were successful. The old man is overjoyed, crying that finally he will be released from prison by Richard the Lion-Hearted's Crusaders. He is apparently one of Cadman's experiments.

Ramsay & Laurie leave the demented "Crusader" and move on thru the chamber, approaching a series of stalls. In the first one they find the sailor—looking exactly as he had seen in his dream. His scalp is stitched and his face is twisted horribly.

Lugosi's last role . . . as the mute manservant.





The Sinister Dr. Codman (Basil Rathbone) and Oda the Gypsy (Akim Tamiroff), a man of strange "undertakings".

He turns to see Ramsay, and immediately he wails "Help me, Doctor!" He holds out the chain between his hands, just as in the dream, and Ramsay is moved to release him. But as soon as he enters the stable-cell, the sailor attacks him, choking him with the chain. Ramsay manages to fight his way free after a struggle.

The two move on to the next stall, in which they find a figure partially hidden in a robe. From what is seen, it appears to be a perfectly normal woman (Sally Yarnell) but, cackling weirdly, she hurls the robe from her body, revealing that she, too, is as hideous as the others: she has only scant patches

of hair on her gleaming bald head, and hair grows also on her neck & arms. And she is of course totally insane.

monstrous discovery

Ramsay & Laurie continue their fearful way to the next stall, where Ramsay is assounded by its occupant: there, sitting solemnly with his eyes upon the ground, is none other than Currie (Tor Johnson), the man he was accused of killing! Ramsay calls his name, and the wretched Currie turns

his face upward—exposing sightless eyes without pupils. He, too, is a victim of Cadman. Now it all becomes clear to Ramsay: the brain chart in the laboratory was marked with symbols that denoted each of the victims from whom had been gathered a tiny bit of knowledge.

Mongo had been deprived of his memory . . .
Casimir of his speech . . .

And Currie of his sight.
Thus Cadman had been able to map the regions of memory, speech & sight in the brain.

Ramsay believes that, if he brings Currie to the authorities, his name will be cleared, so he takes the key to that dungeon down from its nail, and is about to release Currie from his chains . . .

Meanwhile, upstairs, Odo returns, bringing with him the woman in The Black Sleep, and Cadman hurriedly examines her. She is dead—really dead! Cadman tongue-lashes Odo for his carelessness and he defends himself that the police kept him too long. Odo reveals that already Scotland Yard is becoming suspicious of him, of his dealings with Cadman, and he feels that they have been watching him very closely. Cadman is furious and declares that he must have a female subject immediately—so he decides upon Laurie.

captured by a madman

Ramsay enters Currie's stall with a key but suddenly the door of the dungeon is thrust open and Cadman & his crew enter. Cadman is holding a pistol and he orders the two to come with him. Ramsay, startled, drops the key in front of Currie, and he & Laurie are herded by Cadman up the stairs.

Cadman straps Laurie to an operating table, forcefully giving her an anesthetic, and Ramsay is imprisoned in the laboratory with her. And, as an added precaution, Cadman leaves Mongo there to guard the two. Laurie now is quiet & still so Mongo does not disturb her.

But sometime later Laurie awakens, opens her eyes & begins moving. Mongo sees this and, screaming bestially, attacks her.

Ramsay leaps at him, trying to prevent the brute from choking her, but he is hurled aside. He sees a jar of chloroform nearby and quickly wets a rag with it. He then rushes at Mongo, holding the rag before his face, and Mongo struggles with animal-like fury but soon collapses from the fumes.

As Mongo lies unconscious beside the operating

MIGHTY TOR!





The monstrous Curry (Ter Johnson) is examined by Herbert Rudley, as Patricio Blake looks on.

table, Ramsay hurriedly unties Laurie.

At this time, Currie has sensed that the key is near, and he gropes blindly thru the hay on the floor. Finally he finds the key and rises to his feet again. There is now a horrible look of joy upon his ghastly face.

As Ramsay releases Laurie, the less-than-human Mongo again rises to his feet and seizes Ramsay. Ramsay is caught off guard, and as Mongo chokes him, all hope is lost, hut—

Suddenly, the laboratory door bursts open, revealing the whole demented horde from the dungeon below, led by the "Crusader." He sees Mongo and orders his followers:

"Kill the infidels! Kill! Kill!"

Currie, the sailor & the demented woman attack Mongo, overpowering the struggling brute-man, and during the fighting, Ramsay & Laurie flee.

Cadman decides that the time is right for him to operate on Laurie & his wife—to transplant Laurie's brain into the body of his wife! He sends Daphne to feed the "patients" in the dungeon, and she goes to the living room with the tray. There, she enters thru a secret panel in the fireplace, but the shaggy "Crusader" is waiting for her. He beats her with his staff and she is forced into the flaming

hearth. Her clothes afire, she runs blindly thru the hall, flames enveloping her as her screams shake the castle.

death of the demon doctor

Scotland Yard comes to the rescue. The policemen arrest Odo & Casimir. Cadman, prepared for the operation, has carried his wife up a flight of stairs to the laboratory.

But before he can even reach the operating table, the demented horde meets him, and he is terrified to find them free.

The "Crusader" sees Cadman and screams to his followers that he is the Arch-Infidel, and the group pursues him.

Cadman flees, his wife in his arms, down the stairs, hut he ultimately plunges off the last step, 7 feet off the ground, to his doom.

Ramsay & Laurie are taken away to safety, and Odo—whose name means "cat"—tells the arresting officer that he still has about 4 of his 9 lives to go.

And the terror of *nindhantera*—The Black Sloop—is temporarily ended. Who will be the next to discover its secret?

END

THE BLACK HEART

the wages of evil are--awful



Head of horror. The end of Dorian Gray in the 1945 film version, MGM.



Mortician's wax masterfully molded by the feeb fingers of Dick Smith (TV '61.)

DORIAN GRAY!

What did he do?

Everything bad.

Beside him, Mr. Hyde would have looked like a mischievous teenage prankster.

And yet Dorian Gray got away with "murder" seemingly. Till the end, the end that was as hideous as that of M. Valdemar.

It has been 20 years, now, since MGM produced (with loving care & horrifying results!) Oscar Wilde's classic novel of the disintegration of a wildly wicked human being.

Horror fans of that time (1945) wondered if they had seen the ultimate when handsome young actor Hurd Hatfield was reduced in the end to a petrifying mass of technicolored horror, almost

unrecognizable as something once human.

But then TV producer David Susskind decided, in 1961, to revive the shuddersome story of the ghastly Mr. Gray.

The result?

There are 12-year-old boys walking the world today with gray hair because they saw the terror vision version of *Dorian Gray* when they were only 8!

There are mothers & fathers with scars on their elbows because they started gnawing their finger nails and couldn't stop.

Seeing is believing.

For you to compare—if you dare—we offer the Faces of Dorian Gray.

END

OF DORIAN GRAY!



One of the most devilish, detailed, diabolical pictures ever painted. Dorian Gray's portrait, by Albright.

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THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

7th Wonder Of The Sea

Ordinary islands are surrounded by water.
But THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND was no ordinary island.

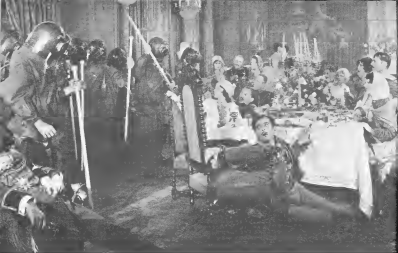
Island extraordinary, it was surrounded by—mystery . . . intrigue . . . invention . . . superscience . . . and, deep beneath it, a civilization—alien, aqueous—undreamed of except in the amazing mind of—

Jules Verne!

Mention THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and all but a few of our readers will automatically think of the exciting Harryhausen version of 1961.

A few will remember the serial of 10 years earlier.

But only Prof. Gruebeard, Methuselah, Editor Ackerman and a dwindling handful of toothless youthless white-haired readers of *FM* will be old enough to recall the MYSTERIOUS ISLAND: the 1929 subsea spectacle from MGM in which Lionel Barrymore was unaccountably known as Count Dakkar rather than Capt. Nemo.



Dekkar's divers astound drunken diners who think they're having hallucinations!

Your editor saw it when he was 13 years old and loved it.

Your editor saw it when he was 53 years old and loved it.

Come with me now, in my private time machine, and let me turn back the clock 40 years for you.

the jewels of verne

One leading reviewer of the day wrote:

This fantastic undersea melodrama was inspired by the Jules Verne story of the same name and is a craftily contrived film, most of which is photographed in technicolor, and just the sort of thing that will fill children with mingled feelings of awe & delight. There are a few dialog sequences but the greater part is silent except for the so-called sound effects.

It is a long film . . . but it is strikingly ingenious and well-served by the undersea photographic work.

In this production Lionel Barrymore [who had appeared with Boris Karloff in *THE BELLS* and was later to be seen in *THE DEVIL DOLL* and *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* and *THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM*] delivers another of his competent portrayals and, even tho this film is a thriller, and a queer one at that, Mr. Barrymore is always human as the marvelous scientist who invents a submarine with a special air-pressure gauge which permits the craft to travel down to and along the bottom of the sea and stay for what seems to be an indefinite period.

But woe is it to the crew of the fish-like, submersible if the air gauge goes wrong—as it does aboard one of the craft.

sub-Mars-ine

There are underwater sequences with rocks like a skyline of New York and *Martian*-like creatures whose bodies look as if they were an evolution of the diving suit.

There are, in fact, diving suits aboard the strange submarine fixed so that the crew can stand in the leg part and touch a lever and the upper section drops over the wearer. After clamping down the fastenings the individual able to leave via the bottom of the submarine and go forth for a promenade on the bottom of the sea or for a clash with the querulous, gluttonous natives. He can even go big-fish hunting, for now & again in these absorbing scenes one perceives an octopus ready to attack anything from a crowd of submarine natives to the submersible ships.

sub-sea super-sights

There's no end to the sights in this film. As one thinks of the dragon of the deep, which crawls around like a brontosaurus and is ready to make a meal of a crowd of sea dwellers, one also remembers that this forbidding specimen of life makes his abode in the vicinity of a sunken Roman galley on which are seen the skeletons of slaves shackled to the oars.

dwellers in the depths

The sea-dwellers are as busy as ants. There are swarms of them getting ready to take possession of the submarine, while the heroine, a gentle crea-



The denizens of the deep exhibit deep interest in form of fallen dead diver.

ture, keeps her word to the crew of one submarine by asking the hero, Lloyd Hughes [from dinosaurs in *THE LOST WORLD* to a subseasaur in *MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*!—by asking him to bring with him to the other craft the all-important air-pressure gauge.

the fall of Falon

Falon—the villain—would steal secrets from Dukkar and, if possible, the whole *Mysterious Island*. He meets with an end deserving of his wicked nature—a death undersea, with scores of sea-natives gloating over his blood, red stuff that astonishes them and causes the little creatures to want to give the flesh & blood persons a run for their lives.

Imagination & skill have been used in dealing with the picture's weird scenes.

as seen thru different eyes

And then another reviewer reported
A film well worth seeing.

This version of the famous novel is one of the most fascinating spectacles yet filmed and we are thankful [this remark will seem strange today] that the illusion is not ruined by spoken dialog.

[Some diehards of the silent era still persisted in the belief that sound was but a passing fad.] It is strange to see subtitles in this day & time, but a relief, for the silent picture still has much to offer and is a very restful medium.

This reviewer has not read "*The Mysterious Island*" but intends to do so as soon as he can get his hands on the book. It is a typical Verne yarn, similar in theme & action to the author's "*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*" and also in this story Verne's argument is the practicability of a "diving ship". The fact that the author lived & died long before submarines were ever seriously attempted makes the idea all the more intriguing.

eerie island

Mr. Barrymore, as the inventor of the mysterious ship, and his workmen live on a strange island. He, as Count Dukkar, has his shipyard surrounded by high walls and fortified so that the outside world will not know his plans.

But the Russian government has heard of the curious invention and sets out to acquire the rights. The day that diving ship #1 is launched, Slavic soldiers attack the shipyard and kill many of the workmen.

Count Dukkar is tortured but with true Spartan



Action aboard the world's first submarine.

spirit will not yield his plans.

While the inventor is suffering at the hands of his tormentors, ship #1 is exploring the depths of the sea and Nikolai (Lloyd Hughes), who is in command, is innocent of what is going on in the shipyard. When the experimental boat surfaces it is fired upon by the soldiers of the Czar and promptly sinks. But airtight compartments prevent water from entering and for the time being Nikolai and his crew are safe.

the fantoms of the fathoms

The picture carries on thrillingly from this point, with the captives on the island escaping in diving ship #2. Thousands & thousands of fathoms the boat sinks, until finally they reach the bottom of the sea. The occupants don diving suits and explore the mysteries of the deep. Here they find hosts of creatures and battle & fight with the strange specimens and also with huge octopi & immense dragons.

the death of dakkar

But in the end the disciples of Dakkar manage to return to terra firma, where the count, now a dying man, executes his curious last will & testament.

The direction is subtle & imaginative while the magnificence of the undersea settings is amazingly photographed. The technicolor episodes are the

best that this department has ever seen. They create extraordinary effects and go a long way in making **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** the fine picture that it is.

count ackerman stands up to be counted

Let your editor now insert himself to make a few comments.

I had the rare privilege to see a revival of this epic late last year in the company of the kindly gentlemen who directed it, Lucien Hubbard, to whom we are all indebted for the extraordinary pictures of the sea people, on loan from his personal collection.

Why I should vividly recall the dragon of **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD** which I saw in 1924 and the dragon of **SIEGFRIED** which I believe (tho it was originally released in 1923) I saw about 1927, and yet completely have forgotten the dinosaur of **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, I'll never understand. So it was like an added scene—almost like seeing the Spider Sequence of **KING KONG**—for me to see it in 1969. Even tho it was a tricked up Iguanodon rather than an animated model, it was quite effective.

myriads of mer-men

And these swarms of subsea people—!



Never before seen in print! Incredibly clear collector's item shot of two mer-men from the shelved version of 1926. Another **FAMOUS MONSTERS** First! (Courtesy of the Director himself, Lucien Hubbard.)

Subsequently, Mr. Hubbard told me, they appeared as munchkins (I think that was what they were called but never guarantee anything I write long after midnight when I'm half asleep from an exhausting day)—they appeared as munchkins in **THE WIZARD OF OZ**.

"Every midget in America must have worked in that picture!" Mr. Hubbard informed me. "We sent out the call to every circus & sideshow and they streamed in from the 4 corners of the country."

Just as, years later, the pioneer astronauts of **DESTINATION MOON** were made to float about in space by the support of strong piano wires, the midgets in their sea-suits were made to "swim" about the ocean's depths.

suit yourself

There is a far out possibility—a slim chance, just about as thin as one of those piano wires—that some FM fans *might* get themselves one of those mermen suits.

If the rubber they were probably made of hasn't rotted away in the meantime.

Because, as you've probably heard—it's been nationally publicized—MGM has put all its props on the auction block.

Turzan's trunks.

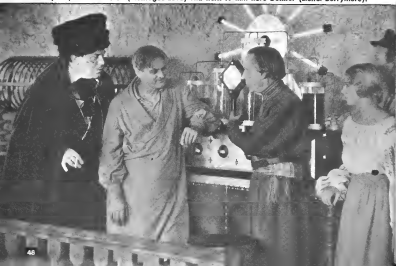
Space guns & gadgets from **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

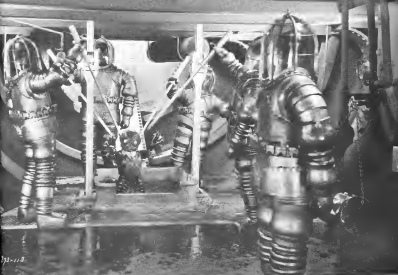
A Morlock mask.

THE TIME MACHINE itself!



Scientific marvels abound on **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**. Electrical machinery far in advance of its time. Below, left, is villain Folon (Montague Love) and next to him hero Dokkor (Lionel Barrymore).





An amazing moment aboard Submarine #1 as an intelligent creature from the ocean's depths enters the sub!

There might even be the cape that **BELA LUGOSI** wore in **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**—

Or some article of clothing that **LON CHANEY** once wore, such as his cape or curious top hat (top that!) from **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**!

So there just conceivably might still be something left from **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**—maybe a model of one of the little men, if nothing else.

more praise for verne's prize

Here are some more of those great reviews, rare revivals from mouldering magazines of 1929, cut from their pages when they were new by a 12-year-old boy who never knew at the time that one day he would be editing the filmmonster magazine for all of you:

Years ago Jules Verne, the imaginative Frenchman who foreshadowed many an invention in his fantastic fiction, wrote this first romance of a submarine. Bear in mind that this was written back in the middle of the last century. An old scientist, Count Dakkar [could he have been the 500-year-dead Count Dracula under a different name?], devises an undersea boat to investigate the ocean bottom. He believes it is peopled by another race, half human, half fish.

[This is the editor speaking again. There is an exciting talking sequence in the picture when Count Dakkar shows Falon the evidence on which he bases his theory that fish-men exist beneath

the sea: the partially reconstructed skeletal form of a dwarfish creature with a skull & bones resembling those of a human being on a reduced scale.]

An unscrupulous scoundrel (Falon) tries to steal his submarine for war purposes.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer encountered a lot of difficulties in making this film. It was started about 3 years ago [around the time of **METROPOLIS** and **THE LOST WORLD**!] and then shelved. [Warner Oland, later to play the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu and, of course, the werewolf that turned ill-fated Henry Hull into a lycanthrope in **THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON**—Warner Oland originally played the role of the villainous Falon in the footage that was discarded when disaster struck.]

The underwater photography is ingenious in the way in which the real thing is mingled with miniature, trick & faked studio shots, blended in baffling fashion.

[The following review explains the catastrophe.]

MGM sank 4 years and nearly a million dollars in filming this tale. [When a location company started filming in the Bahamas, a Florida hurricane wrecked the second unit.] Several other false starts were made but something always checked production. At last—an unusual & fantastic spectacle: photography is art of the highest order; sets, bizarre; production, lavish; story, intoxicating;—it must be seen to be believed!

TWIN GOBLINS FROM BELOW? NO!



How many differences can you detect between the two denizens of the marine metropolis? There are at least 10. Creature on the left was from the final version (1929); right, from the abandoned footage of 1926.

and the critics raved on

"It is the sort of fantastic material with which the screen should have interested itself years ago."

"Imaginative story—stunning treatment. A grand treat for those who appreciate the artistic, the weird, the curious, the different." [That's as —right?]

"One of the most amazing pictures ever flashed on a Broadway screen."

"A thriller different from anything you have ever seen."

"Finest picture of the year!"

all aboard for the mysterious island

This grand old classic is now enjoying a limited revival around the country. Go out of your way to see it if you have the opportunity; and, well, if you don't, we hope you'll agree these words & pictures are the next best thing.

END

no one is safe when Bela releases his hungry

DEVIL BAT

Mad Lab... Mad Doc... Mad Bat! This should all take place on Mad Avel



Hitler's War was only one year old when THE DEVIL BAT flew onto the screen, preceded by war-inspired ads that claimed the picture to be "more terrifying than bombing by night" and made the killer bat sound like a fighter plane: "Sharp-fanged blood-sucking death dives out of midnight skies!"

The publicists went wild on this one, declaring: *Your blood will freeze in your veins as these bloodthirsty monsters bring death in the dead of night!*

The horror picture that will get in your hair and make your heart a lump of lead!

Beware of these vampires of the night, this scourge of mankind! Spines crack and blood flows as a madman wreaks his vengeance!

He lets loose a horrible monster to satisfy his lust for human blood!

The horror-man creates a mate . . . to leave you in a frenzied sweat!

Death was his hobby.

Hideous creatures swoop from the inky night on their mission of hellish horror. Fangs of flying doom sink into the bare throats of those marked for death! No defense against these midnight murderers!

A madman laughs as innocent men struggle against a monster hideous & cruel!

The most amazing creation of vengeance-bent genius!

Behind the scenes, theater men were advised: "BELA LUGOSI is a real name—take advantage of this fact and plug him all along the line. You've made money with him consistently and unless your town suffers an earthquake or an attack from Mars, he'll help you make money in DEVIL BAT. So play him up—you can't oversell Lugosi." We know many of FM's readers agree, and for Michelle Keenan, Hope Beena, David Hochman, Cynthia Rowland, N. H. Dickman Jr., Victor Davis, Paul Legato, Quinton T. Bishop and thousands of other loyal LUGOSI fans we continue our tradition that *Lugosi Lives Eternal*.

satan's winged messenger

In the film, Dr. Paul Carruthers (*Bela Lugosi*) is first seen as a kindly middle-aged physician in the little town of Heathville.

Little do the townsfolk suspect they have a real life Jekyll & Hyde in their midst, a man of double personality, good and—bad.

Dr. Carruthers feels that he has been cheated of enormous profits which he, as the creator of fabulous perfumes, should have earned. The partners who have deprived him of his financial rewards are Henry Morton & Martin Heath of the Morton-Heath Cosmetics Co.

Dr. Carruthers devotes his spare time to developing something quite different from his usual line of work: a work of terror—a giant killer bat! He also creates a specific scent to which the winged beast reacts violently.



Bela has hoppy reunion with old High Skull friend.



We know who did it but Bela pretends to be puzzled.

scent of death

"We would like you to have this check as a bonus for your formula," say Morton & Heath to Dr. Carruthers, handing him an amount which he pretends to accept with gratitude. But the minute they are gone he growls to himself, "The cheats! The thieves! My brain has made them independently wealthy and I, who should be a partner, a part owner of the enterprise, am treated like a hired clerk!" His eyes light up with dreams of revenge.

Various younger members of the families of

Morton and Heath are the first to suffer. The mad doctor presents his intended victims with gifts of "a new type of shaving lotion," a liquid containing the unique odor which the killer bat has been trained to hate.

Out of the blackness of night the flying monster swoops . . . bites . . . flaps back to its haven. Young Roy Heath lies dead, his throat mangled by a winged creature of powerful strength & unknown origin.

A vampire in the 20th century?

A newspaper reporter & his photographer are sent to the town to investigate.



The diabolical Dr. Carruthers torments the terror-flying night monster—once too often!

the creature kills again

There is another mysterious death, this time young Tommy Heath.

In his laboratory, Dr. Carruthers gloats as he feeds volts of electricity to his captive bat, causing it to grow bigger than any bat has ever been before—and more vicious.

Newsman Layton's suspicions are finally aroused in the direction of the doctor. But Layton cannot prevent the death of Don Morton, and finally Henry Morton himself, and when he figures out that Mary Heath (Suzanne Kaaren) will be the next victim, he realizes he must take desperate measures.

Layton forces Carruthers to accompany him to the garden of the Heath home to await the coming of the bat. The doctor feels apprehensive but safe. But at the last moment the reporter throws some of the fatal scent on the scientist and Carruthers goes mad with terror! He attempts to escape but there is no time to hide for the wings of death are already flapping down in his direction!

Carruthers has time for just one last scream before his scheme boomerangs on him and the Devil Bat of his own creation becomes his personal Frankenstein. The doctor dies by the fangs of the sky-beast.

Once again Bela has come to a bad end.

Yet, for Bela, it is never

ROBOTS



Artor-Detoo and Sae-Threepio helplessly watch rebel troops defend the Rebel Blockade Runner in the magnificent STAR WARS (from Twentieth-Century Fox).

ALIENS, SPACEMEN BATTLE in STAR WARS

THOUSANDS of years in the future. In the star-strewn vastness of space. We witness a fierce futuristic fight! A galactic cruiser has been crippled and boarded by troops of the Imperial fleet. Taken prisoner is Princess Leia Organa (CARRIE FISHER), stopped from completing her diplomatic mission in the name of the Republic.

The Republic. Now merely a name. Almost totally absorbed by the Galactic Empire, only bands of rebels keep the fire of freedom alive...rebels whom Darth Vader, ruthless Dark Lord of the Sith, has vowed to squash like insects.

Darth Vader. Two meters tall. Bipedal. His face masked by bizarre black metal ex-



Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher), Chewbacca, Han Solo (Harrison Ford) and Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) discuss their best route of escape on the Death Star.



Darth Vader and his Imperial guards take Princess Leia to the Death Star detention center.

cept for a small breath screen. A cloud of eyes follows him everywhere.

Before her capture, Princess Organa has given a secret message to a stubby, tripod robot, Artoo Detoo (R2D2), in the hopes that Artoo Detoo and his companion robot, See Threepio (C3PO), might escape in a lifeboat and land on the nearby planet of Tatooine. There he is to seek out Obi-wan Kenobi and relate the secret message only to him.

The two robots do escape the captured cruiser and do land on the planet.

But Tatooine is a barren, hot world. Mostly a dry desert. And the 2 robots are captured by jawas—travesties of men, more rodent than humanlike, red-yellow pupils glowing catlike inside their dark boods the only signs that they have faces!

The jawas are scavengers of metal. They suck the robots into their huge sandcrawler, a mammoth tank-like machine, and take them to a nearby human farm.

BEWARE THE IMPERIAL STORMTROOPER!



An Imperial stormtrooper, one of the fearsome soldiers of the Galactic Empire, fires at the fleeing Princess Leia.

CHEWBACCA

THE 8-FT. WOOKIEE



Furry Alien Wookiee Chewbacca cautions offscreen enemy, "That's fur enough!"

farmers in the sky

Luke Skywalker (MARK HAMILL, in real life a young but long-time fan of FM) and his uncle run the farm. Luke is a young, hot-headed youth who longs to join the space academy on a far-away world and hates the dull farmer life. When his father buys the 2 robots (they are in much better condition than the others which the scavengers offer) he gets his chance for adventure.

Artoo Detoo is impelled to find the mysterious Obi-wan Kenobi so he escapes from the farm and sets out across the vast desert.

Luke and the humanoid robot See Threepio chase the little tripod robot across the vast wastes. During the chase they have an unexpected & unwelcome confrontation with the dreaded Tusken Raiders—the Sandpeople, who wrap themselves mummylike in endless swathings & bandages, carry terrible battleaxes, are strong & aggressive...and ride lizards the size of horses!

Luke is not a fighter and the robots are domestic, not battle-oriented.

But a third party intervenes—Ben Kenobi, a hermit who lives in the desert. Some call him a sorcerer. Long ago he used to be called—Obi-wan Kenobi! Once a general in the army of the Republic and one of the few remaining Jedi Knights, Ben Kenobi listens to the plea for help which is the secret message carried by the little robot.

life & death race to alderaan

The Imperial Forces, lead by Governor Moff Tarkin (PETER CUSHING), a thin, hatchet-faced man with the morals of a quiescent piranha, are heading to destroy the rebel stronghold. Kenobi must beat them to the planet Alderaan and present information vital to the survival of the Alliance, which is imbedded in the artificial brain of Artoo Detoo.

Kenobi knows that his duty lies with freedom & liberty. Should he ignore this summons, some day the Imperial Forces would come to Tatooine anyway.

Luke wants to go but he cannot leave his uncle's farm—until the Imperial Forces make his decision for him: they track the escaped robots to the farm, kill his uncle and burn the buildings & crops!

There is no reason for Luke to stay on Tatooine any longer and a thirst for revenge motivates him to throw in his lot with Kenobi.

They enter the spaceport at Mos Eisley and charter a ship from a pair of disreputable characters—Han Solo, a young human pilot (actually a smuggler), and The Wookiee Chewbacca, a 9-foot tall, hairy alien with a quasi-monkey face whose only clothing is bandoliers which hold lethal projectiles strung across his chest!

They elude the pursuing Imperial ships and



Beware! The dreaded Sand Person monaces you in STAR WARS!

begin their journey to the rebel stronghold of Alderaan.

stellar odyssey

STAR WARS promises to be one of the Really Big Ones for 1977! The story bears no relationship to Earth time or space. But the adventures of Luke Skywalker and his friends, flesh-&-blood space pilots & mechanical robots, as they battle numerous villains & creatures in a massive Galactic Civil War, point to a new high in sci-fi adventure.

The film has a majestic sweep. Luke and his friends travel from the large arid planet of Tatooine to the huge manmade planet-destroyer Death Star and finally arrive on the dense jungle-covered 4th moon of Yavin.

John Stears, production special effects supervisor in London and Academy Award winner

for the James Bond film THUNDERBALL, designed the robots & land vehicles and planned the explosions.

Stuart Freeborn, who designed & made the ape costumes for 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, designed the many aliens of STAR WARS.

Director-writer George Lucas' thrilling novelization of STAR WARS (Ballantine Books) is well worth the reading. Soon to follow will be a sequel by Alan (STAR TREK) Dean Foster, a book on the making of STAR WARS, and a volume of production illustrations on the film.

STAR WARS leaves philosophy behind. Only one motivation guided George Lucas in his making of the film; the words of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the preface to "The Lost World"—

*"I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man
Or the man who's half a boy."*

STAR WARS GAZING

by Bill DuBay
Consulting Editor, Warren Publishing Co.

TIME magazine called it "The year's best movie!" VARIETY, the bible of the motion picture industry, has labeled it "A magnificent film!" And the super-critical publisher of PM claimed it's "The most exciting picture of the decade!"

Now all this means little to dyed-in-the buff FM addicts who take their monsters and science fiction seriously. You aren't about to listen to the promotional hype that accompanies most major film releases.

But when that hype is about STAR WARS, you'd do well to lend an ear. Because every superlative you hear... is true!

star raves

STAR WARS is the kind of movie your friends are going to be raving about... unless you rave to them first. It's the kind of flick that'll make you feel good all over. It's swashbuckling adven-

ture, screaming excitement, and sheer fun that will stick with you like used bubble gum on a steamy day!

You can read reviews and hear the critics' raves. But unless you *experience* STAR WARS, you'll never know what the excitement's about.

The printed word simply cannot do justice to the erupting excitement of planets bursting, flaring, flaming into galactic oblivion; or screaming starships roaring, flashing, thundering through the cosmos; or slashing, raging, burning laser battles ripping flesh and rending metal.

STAR WARS is visual excitement the like of which has never before been seen. Anywhere. At any time.

warrior, wizard, walking rug

It is the simple story of a boy, Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), who blossoms into manhood overnight, with the help of swaggering mercenary

On the sandworld of Tatooine, Empire soldiers set out in search of enemy.





Prisoners inside a Jawas Sandcrawler are See Threepio, humanoid robot, and his stubby tripod automaton friend Artoo Detoo.

space pirate Han Solo (Harrison Ford), retired warrior-wizard Obi-wan Kenobi (Alec Guinness), an 8-foot walking rug named Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew), who without a line of dialogue manages to steal the picture; and two mismatched droids, Artoo (played by 3 ft. 8 in. Kenny Baker) and Threepio (British character actor Anthony Daniels).

On his way to manhood, Luke's unforgettable exploits begin when he encounters the still smoldering remains of his char-broiled Uncle Owen and Aunt Beru. They progress to an intergalactic saloon where he narrowly avoids being gunned down in a duel with two bullying aliens.

There is a memorable scene in the saloon when the old wizard, Obi, uses his laser sword to slice off a troublemaker's arm. And another when the mercenary Solo is forced to blast a bounty-hunting alien who had come to terminate him.

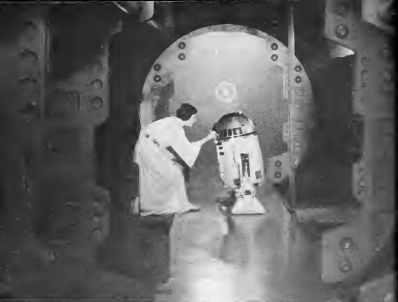
high speed action

The action doesn't shift into high gear how-

ever, until Luke and his companions board Solo's super-charged but slightly decrepit starship, the *Millennium Falcon*. Blasting their way through the roof of their launch pad, they narrowly manage to avoid the darting laser rays of attacking Imperial Stormtroopers.

Two Imperial star cruisers take up the chase in space, but are left in the Falcon's cosmic dust when the ship slides neatly into hyper-drive in a most impressive display of celestial fireworks.

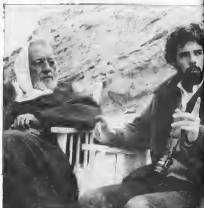
Our heroes bumble their way into rescuing Princess Organa (Carrie Fisher), who is imprisoned by the villainous Lord Darth Vader (David Prowse with an assist from the voice of James Earl Jones) aboard the Empire's ultimate weapon, the Death Star. But in a nice turn-about on tradition, it is the Princess who must save her heroes when they trap themselves between a legion of blazing lasers and an impenetrable cell block. The Princess, disgusted with her rescuer's ineptness, simply blasts a hole in the wall. And all leap to freedom... straight into a fiftieth-century trash compactor!



Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher) places a message for help to Ben Kenobi in Artoo-Detoo.



Artist's conception of alien Sand Person on faraway planet.



Director George Lucas and Alec Guinness (Ben Kenobi) discuss Kenobi's mysterious appearance in the desert.



Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) covers his escape to the Corellian pirate starship.

Special effects steal the show

The special effects are the real stars of **STAR WARS**. The chess game between tiny Artoo and the grotesque Chewie, for example, is destined to be one of the most memorable in any science fiction film. Tiny monsters rend, tear and devour each other as the hairy Wookiee bellows in rage at his imminent defeat by the dwarfish droid.

Then there are the electrifying duels with laser swords. The effect is simply achieved by coating metal rods with a highly reflective material that bounces back light with an intensity of about two hundred times that which is normal. On screen it is both stunning and impressive.

Unforgettable wars

The movie abounds with unforgettable moments, not the least of which is the explosive conclusion, which is unquestionably celluloid's most exciting aerial dogfight to date.

The dirty, out-dated starships of Princess Organa's rebels fly against the sleek, spiraling

vehicles of Darth Vader's Imperial pilots.

All save for one rebel ship is blown away by the faster, sleeker Imperial craft. And just when it looks darkest for the forces of good, the calvary comes streaking to the rescue.

While you know the outcome *must* be a happy one, the ending, of this sci-fi movie is totally unpredictable.

More wars to come

If you haven't yet seen **STAR WARS**, to reveal more would only detract from the pleasure of experiencing it for yourself. Trust your loyal FM reviewer. You'll leave the theatre refreshed, fulfilled, and very impatient for the forthcoming sequel to **STAR WARS**!

And even though the sequel may be a bit off, faithful sci-fi buffs should be pacified by the soon-to-be-released Steven (Jaws) Spielberg film, **CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND**. Special effects are by Douglas Trumbull, the wizard who's magic interstellar magic wrought 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Our Mystery Quotes get your votes as a popular Feature. How many can you correctly identify this time? Do you want harder quizzes—or easier?

by BILL ROBERTS

Are you a
dumb skull...
dumb skull...
or bum skull?
If you get all 13
right-answers,
you've got
some skull!



THE UNHOLY 13

1. "Strange as it may seem, this is my natural appearance."
2. "The spider spinning his web for the unwary fly. The blood is the life . . ."
3. "Two bullets in the heart—and he still lives!"
4. "He went for a little walk . . . you should have seen his face!"
5. "I'll show you who I am and what I am!"
6. "Was there anything about selling away your souls?"
7. "I am the point of contact between Eternity & Time."
8. "Death visited me this morning. We are playing chess."
9. "The tread of their feet whispers in my brain. I have no peace, for they are in me."
10. "My name is Scratch—I often go by that name in New England."
11. "This is the crowning indignity! I think that hereafter I shall be invisible—it's really less complicated that way."
12. "Years later 2 skeletons were found locked in embrace. When an attempt was made to separate them, they crumbled into dust."
13. "It comes from everywhere & nowhere. It dies away at dawn."

ANSWERS

1. Frederic March to Sir Guy Standing in *DEATH TAKES A HOLIOAY*.
2. Basil Rathbone to Lugosi in *SON OF FRANK*.
3. Ernst.
4. The young crazed assistant to "Dr. Murder" & "Sir Whampl" in the Kerloff *MUMMY*.
5. Claude Rains to the policeman & townspeople in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*.
6. "Elijah" to "Ismael" & "Queequeg" in Bradbury's *MOBY DICK*.
7. Frederic March (Death) to Sir Guy Standing in *DEATH TAKES A HOLIOAY*.
8. The knight "Antonious Black" in Bengt Ekroth (Death) pretending to be a confessor in *THE 7TH SEAL*.
9. Simone Simone to Tom Conway ("Dr. Judd") in *THE CAT PEOPLE*.
10. Walter Huston (Satan) to James Craig in *ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY*.
11. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Death) to Lionel Barrymore & "Pud" in *ON BORROWED TIME*.
12. The narrator at the end of the Anthony Quinn *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*.
13. "Estelle" to Ray Milland in *THE UNINVITED*.

HORROR HALL OF FLAME

never to be forgotten fiendish faces that have lit up the screen as you let out screams



To think of the Vampire King of the Undead is to remember Bela Lugosi among the dead—and Christopher Lee among the living. Here's one reason why: The Prince of Darkness in *HORROR OF DRACULA* (Universal-Hammer, 1958, color).



One of the most beautiful beasts ever born from the magic hands of a make-up man. From France, none other than the current "Fantomas" himself, Jean Marais in **BEAUTY & THE BEAST** (1945).

NOSFERATU, A SYMPHONY OF TERROR, the classic from 1922, now known as **TERROR OF DRACULA** in its home movie form, available to collectors. And here is the incredible vampire, Max Schreck, whose very name meant "horror" in German.





PHANTOM OF THE OPERA No. 3. First it was Chaney, then Rains. Then Herbert Lom played the role (Hammer-Universal, 1962, color).

In 1940, at Universal, Tom Tyler took over the role of the ancient Egyptian Kharis, cursed thru the ages and kept alive by toxic leaves, in THE MUMMY'S HAND.



Fredric March won an Academy Award for his horrifying role as the megalomaniacal man of complete evil in DR. Jekyll & MR. HYDE (Paramount 1932).



THE SHIVERY, SHU "WEREWOLF HENRY HULL • W



MURDER IN THE MOONLIGHT! TERROR STALKS
AN UNSEEN HAND STRIKES!

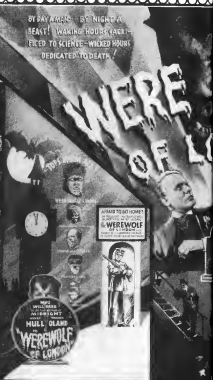
BY DAY A MAN - BY NIGHT A
BEAST! WAKING HOURS SACRI-
FICED TO SCIENCE - WICKED HOURS
DEDICATED TO DEATH!



CALL LEBLANCET
WILLING



WILLIAM OLAND - LATES RUFFLES
STERN TITLES - CLASH WITH AN UNSEEN GHOST
HENRY HULL - THE WOLF
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



DERY SHOCKER! F LONDON^{II} WITH ARNER OLAND

THE WEREWOLF STRIKES WHEN
THE MOON IS FULL, AND A
SHUDDERING WORLD WAITS
FOR THE NEXT VICTIM.

WOLF NDON

TO HYSTERICAL WOMEN
SHUT YOUR EYES!

A new horror movie, THE
WEREWOLF OF LONDON, is
now showing at the
THEATRE ROYAL
PATHE THEATRE
LONDON.

It is a story of a man who
is bitten by a werewolf and
becomes a werewolf himself.
The story is so shocking and
terrifying that it is not
suitable for children.

The Werewolf of London

WARNING!
DO NOT
COME
WITHIN
10 FEET OF
FLOWERS

WHAT IS THIS
FLOWER'S
FEARFUL
POWER?
SEE! SEE! SEE!
WEREWOLF
OF LONDON

11



BEWARE THE WICKED HOPE
AND THE TALKING BEING!

THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON

HULL OLAND

WEREWOLF OF LONDON

UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SPACE: 1999 RECORD & KIT



Things I'd like taken from SPACE: 1995 was
 LP (great!) Back cover "Death" (Other Ge-
 minis: Mission of the year: #2129-10/95

SPACE: 1999 RECORD & EAGLE PLASTIC MODEL



Build the detailed model of laundry shop from
SPACE 1999! Eagle transporter! 12 inches
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blood works, eye
and rest you owe
English Friends
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fangs, and offensive scents
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paw pads there
are traps in your
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FLAVORFUL IN CONGRUITY
THE WORLD Hiroshima, a
Chicago boy who has the
puffed monster's head
grow 60' & fights Daigan
Black and White. Super 8
Sound. #27826-\$14.95



WENT OF THE BLOOD is a film about being taken over the body of an astronaut to travel the earth from its surface. He must destroy the "Gang War" & "White Supremacy" & "Sound" *©1995, S.A. & S.A.*



MURDER MASKS



DESTROY ALL MONSTERS!
 Mithras, Spidra, Andros
 Gaidorbh, Together in
 1871/1984, Lanthanum
 (2000) on Mithras, Orde
 1 group, A Full Color, Man
 (2000) (2000) (2000) (2000)



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Eldorado and a family of
wicked prehistoric-future
monsters. Japan with delectable
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Size! \$1.99. (See page 10)



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THE SCREAMING DOG! After weeks' report from another woman, recently belated from an Indian asylum, his doubts that she is correct. A third track & White Sun.

BRONTOSAURUS



BATTLE!

Turn Page! ⁷⁵

1,000,000 B.C.

RAY HARRYHAUSEN'S original sketch from **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.**, flown to us from London, shows how his animated brontosaurus will come to life in the eagerly awaited remake of **ONE MILLION B.C.** Here the pitifully small weak cavemen pit their



puny strength against a moving mountain of flesh & bone, 70' long, 25 tons in weight and possibly, some paleontologists say, 200 years old! One of many thrilling things to come in Hammer's great prehistoric pic, to be released in the USA by 1,000,000 BC-Fox ... oops, 20th Century-Fox! (Note: See the Allosaurus from the same film in current issue #39 of our magazine, **FAMOUS MONSTERS.**)

END

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FRANKENSTEIN!
JOHN HUSTON'S
"THE MALTESE
FALCON"**
2 SOFT COVER
FILM BOOKS
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THAT A PICTURE
IS WORTH
1000 WORDS!
WHAT ARE
1000'S
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WORTHY TO
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HYDE! FRAME-
BY-FRAME
BREAK DOWNS
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